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THE BYSTANDER
September 4, 1940

The BYSTANDER

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 6

Are you collecting these useful advertisements? Start now and pin them up in your kitchen.

IF you eat more than you need, you are wasting food as surely as if you had thrown it away. So eat what you need, but no more. Buy wisely and cater strictly. For your health's sake, as well as your country's, remember that "enough is better than a feast."

Save food! Save money! Save cargo space for munitions!

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HOW TO STORE CARROTS

The secret of storing carrots is in lifting them (pulling them up) in good condition. Lift them during dry weather, not later than the middle of October. *Reject all blemished carrots and all damaged or forked roots.* It is not necessary to clean them, but be careful to see they are quite dry.

You will need a dry shed for your storing, if possible with a stone or concrete floor, and some slightly moist sand. If you cannot get sand, earth, taken from the top of the ground, shaken through a *very* fine sieve and slightly moistened, is the best substitute.

Lay alternate rows of carrots and sand (or earth), either on the ground, in a pyramid shape, or in boxes. Cover your pyramid or box with sand (or earth). Put over it a layer of straw as a safeguard against frost. The carrots should be stored crown to tail in rows. Use the carrots as you require them, but take care that the remaining pile is always well covered. It is a wise plan to rebuild your pyramid at least once during the winter.

HOW TO DRY RUNNER BEANS

Select young fresh beans. Top, tail and string. Slice each bean into three. Dip in boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain. Dry on a muslin-covered rack *until quite crisp* in intense sunlight, or in a hot airing cupboard or in a very slow oven (not more than 120°F) with door ajar, or on a muslin hammock, suspended over a heat storage cooker. Store beans in bags in a dry place. Soak overnight before using.

CAULIFLOWER LEAVES

Always ask your greengrocer for the *leaves* of the cauliflower. As well as being rich in vitamins, the leaves taste delicious. Cook and serve them with the cauliflower, or have them as a separate vegetable next day.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

The Bystander

Angus McBean

Sarah Churchill—Quietly Successful

Because Sarah Churchill is Winston Churchill's daughter she has not been allowed to develop her theatrical talent in the peaceful obscurity suitable to a young actress. Study the career of any top-liner and you will find they played a dozen or so small parts in which no one remembers them except their friends, and here and there a critic or manager. In those parts they learnt their art. Miss Churchill, on the other hand, has been good "copy" from the moment she went into a Cochran revue, and has escaped the limelight only by going on tour, as she did as young Mrs. Cherry in *Idiot's Delight*. Now she is in *Outward Bound* as one of the pair of lovers whose suicide makes them "half-way people" between life and death, and handles her not easy part with quiet success. The revival of Sutton Vane's play, with Louise Hampton, Cathleen Nesbitt, Stanley Lothbury and Terence De Marney in the chief roles, came from the "Q" to the New last Friday, and is being given every afternoon and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE night of August the 26th was a very curious one in London. It was the night of the first long air-raid alarm. The skies were ablaze with searchlights for hours and there was an incessant drone of German aeroplanes. But there was comparatively little gunfire, and few bombs were dropped, considering the length of the raid. It seemed as if a handful of German aeroplanes were trying to irritate London, rather than damage it severely. The theatres and the cinemas went on with their performances and people went on dancing in the restaurants. The main difficulty in the West End was the business of getting home. Taxis were scarce—almost as scarce, in fact, as they were in the last war.

THE surprising thing about the big fire which was caused by the bomber in the City of London last week was the speed at which it blazed up and the speed at which it died down. At first it seemed impossible that it could be anything but a gigantic oil depot or something of the sort. Then when it died away so soon, it was obvious that it must be a comparatively small fire. The answer was that by bad luck the bomb had hit two warehouses, one containing rubber, and the other, of all things, wax-dummy figures.

THERE are people who eagerly demand that we should bomb Berlin as a reprisal for the bombing of London. But surely the policy of the Air Force is very much sounder. If our aeroplanes fly to Berlin it is very much better that they should attack munition works on the outskirts, say, at Spandau and Potsdam, rather than waste a lot of valuable petrol and bombs in knocking the Unter den Linden to pieces. Once we have smashed the German Air Force and crippled German industry, then perhaps we shall be able to turn our attention to other targets.

WE are in the middle of another fuss about gas-masks. The position is perfectly clear. No one has the right by law to compel anyone to carry a gas-mask. Air raid wardens who refuse admission to shelters to people without their masks are going outside their duty. Furthermore, they are being uncommonly foolish, because, in point of fact, they are not demanding that people should carry gas-masks. All they are demanding is that people should carry cardboard boxes. So far as I know, there has been no case of a warden actually opening a gas-mask container to see that it contains a gas-mask. The case of the Reading Room at the British Museum is, of course, in a different category. The Museum authorities insist that readers should carry their masks, but this is only a humanitarian gesture to protect readers against the celebrated atmosphere in the Reading Room.

Victoria Cross *was won by Flight-Lieut. Roderick A. B. Learoyd for a gallant and successful bombing attack in the face of fierce anti-aircraft fire on the Dortmud-Ems Canal. In the words of the official citation: "The reception of the preceding aircraft might well have deterred the stoutest heart, all being hit and two lost. Flight.-Lieut. Learoyd nevertheless made his attack at 150 ft., his aircraft being repeatedly hit and large pieces of the main planes torn away. He was almost blinded by the glare of searchlights at close range, but pressed home his attack with the greatest resolution and skill. . . . The high courage, skill and determination which this officer has invariably displayed on many occasions in the face of the enemy set an example which is unsurpassed." In this picture he is talking with Brigadier J. A. D. Langhorne at a luncheon of the Rotary Club of London*

Queen Mary *has been indefatigable since war began in her visits to centres of war-relief work both in London and in the West Country, where she has been staying. Here she is leaving the Red Cross headquarters in Belgrave Square after a recent tour of inspection of the wounded, missing and relatives department*

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S announcement that the last week's production of aircraft in Britain was a record was highly encouraging. I was talking the other day to a Civil Servant who had just been moved from an old-established office to the Ministry of Aircraft Production. "You would hardly believe," he said, "the appalling state that this office is in. The whole place is complete chaos." I ventured timidly to ask, "Isn't Lord Beaverbrook producing the aeroplanes?" "Oh, yes, he's producing them all right," was the scornful reply, "but, my dear fellow, the methods! They're quite dreadful!"

THE men of Vichy having made a present to the Germans of 800 aeroplanes from Morocco, it is certain that Mussolini will be asking for a present too. What he would like would be the remnants of the French Navy in Toulon harbour. These are mostly minor craft, but they include some formidable destroyer leaders of about 2500 tons, and there are also some submarines which Italy might like to have, to replace the twenty or so which she has already lost. Whether the Italian sailors will be as dashing and as enterprising in French vessels as they are in Italian is a matter which remains to be seen.

THERE are quite a lot of British citizens remaining in unoccupied France, and the Vichy Government will not let them out. At the same time we are repatriating French sailors and soldiers when opportunity allows. Surely we

(Concluded on page 292)

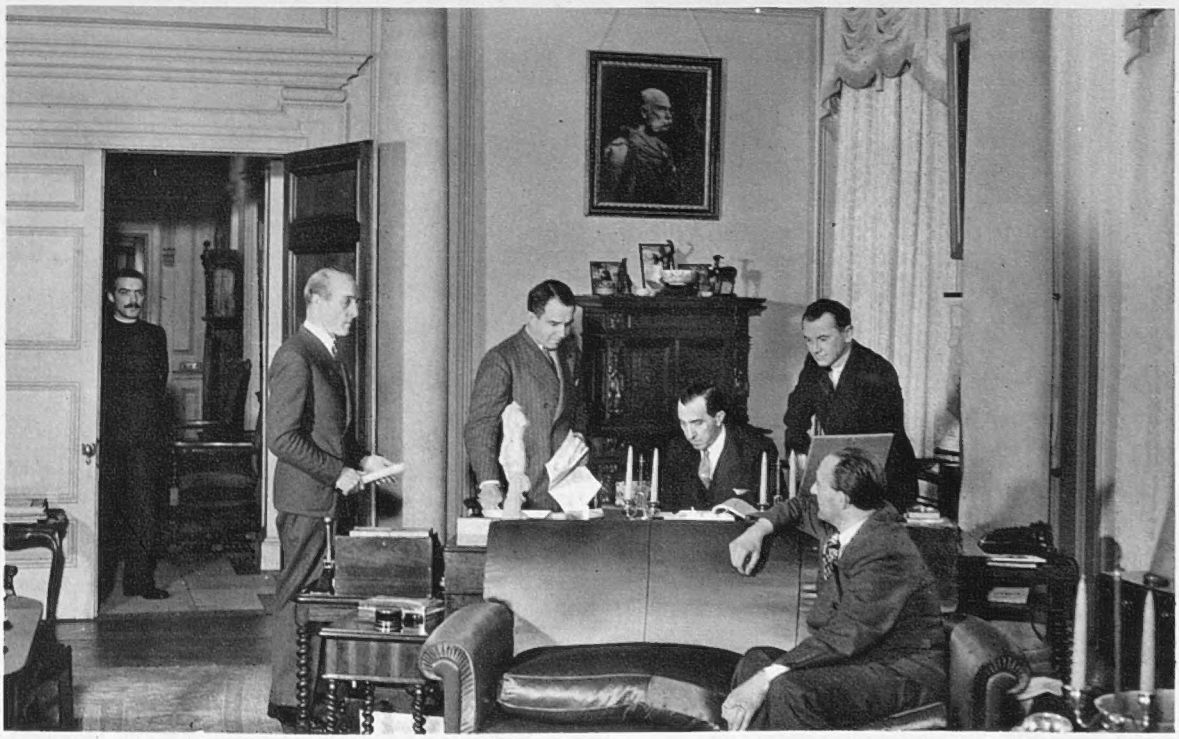
***Ancestor** of the Hungarian Minister has his portrait in the Legation at 35, Eaton Place. On the table below is an Italian primitive, one of a fine collection formed when M. de Barcza was Minister to the Vatican, and at the left a photograph of the Pope, when he was Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State. Other photographs are of Count Bethlen, former Hungarian Prime Minister, and Mme. Horthy, wife of the Regent of Hungary*

The "Bystander" visits

The Hungarian Legation

Split off from Austria and stripped of much of its territory by the Treaty of Trianon after the last war, Hungary has ever since been a "have-not" country casting an acquisitive eye at Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Austria, all of whom were enriched at her expense. In the case of Austria and Czechoslovakia she followed in the wake of German annexation to retake slices of territory, and last Friday conferred with the bigwigs of the Axis at Vienna on her claims to take Transylvania from Rumania. In London Hungary is represented by H.E. M. George de Barcza, whose diplomatic career dates from the days of the Empire. He is now a grass widower in England, war having caught him holidaying with his wife and three children at their country home near Budapest. His duties brought him quickly back to England, but his family remained in their as yet bomb-free homeland

***Minister** of Hungary in London, M. George de Barcza, is a former diplomatic representative of Franz Josef's Austro-Hungarian Empire. He served in Athens, in Scandinavia and at the Vatican before coming to London in 1938*



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***Staff** of the Hungarian Legation confer with the Minister beneath a portrait of Franz Josef. They are (l. to r.) M. Laszlo Sima (Press Attaché), M. Anthony Zsilinszky (Secretary), H.E. the Minister, Lieut.-Colonel Roland de Utassy (Military Attaché), and, on the sofa, Count Almasy (Commercial Attaché)*

Pilot Officer *P. G. H. Fender, former Surrey cricket captain, is one of many famous sportsmen now preparing at an R.A.F. reception college in the Midlands to take up special appointments. Mr. Fender was in the Royal Flying Corps and later the R.A.F. during the last war, transferring in 1915 from the Royal Fusiliers. Apart from his cricketing ability, which has taken him all over the world on M.C.C. tours, he has been distinguished as an Association footballer, playing for the Casuals, Corinthians, and Fulham*

Home Guard *the Earl of Essex is a Company Commander in his local detachment and enjoys a Churchillian cigar in a Churchillian posture of relaxation at the end of a mock invasion exercise which was held by the Home Guard between Salisbury and Bournemouth recently. Lord Essex's detachment, who were rallied by the notes of a hunting horn, were successful with the help of a mobile column commanded by Major-Gen. Geoffrey Brooke in repelling the supposititious invader*

Home Guard *George Formby keeps smiling in his uniform. The Lancashire comedian, whose work is better appreciated in the North than in London, will anyway have no critics of this latest enterprise. His most recent film, "Let George Do It," showed him as a dimwit accidentally employed by the British Secret Service. In it he dreams that he captures Hitler himself. Now, what with Peter Fleming's idea of "The Flying Visit" and all, who knows?*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 290)

ought to make a reciprocal arrangement, if only to expose M. Baudouin once again as the man he is. Either M. Baudouin has authority, in which case he will accept the principle of reciprocity, or else he has no authority, in which case he ought not to talk so much. And in either case he ought to jump off a high building.

HORSE-RACING is to be resumed on September 14th, with the sanction of the Government. This decision is a good deal more serious than it appears at first sight. In the first place, it knocks the bottom out of all appeals for petrol economy. If there is petrol enough for the rich to go racing, then there is petrol enough for the poor to go picnicking. Secondly, it knocks the bottom out of all appeals for saving. If the Government deliberately reopens betting, which is not taxed, then why should anybody bother to "Save for Victory"?

THERE is yet another aspect of the Government's decision to allow horse-racing to start again. Wherever there is a race, there will be hundreds of motor-cars on the roads, and enemy airmen who have their racing calendar in their pocket will be able to locate themselves easily whenever they see the motor-cars. And fourthly, is it going to be a great encouragement to the munition-makers, who are working so superbly, when they notice that there are still thousands of well-to-do people who have plenty of leisure on their hands?

THE latest debate on the internees in the House of Commons produced the usual mass of stories, which would be incredible if they weren't true, about the bungling of the War Office and the Home Office. Week after week the muddle goes on, and it is still quite impossible to pin the responsibility on anyone. As usual, the Civil Servants are able to hide under the traditional anonymity which shrouds their mysterious workings. I confess I should love to meet the official who ruled that the Oxford Book of English Verse is an unsuitable book for a refugee.

THE publication of the French daily newspaper *France* does not come a moment too soon. A good many of the free Frenchmen in this country are finding that boredom is at present their worst enemy. Very few of them can speak or read English; there are no cafés on the pavements; the beer is expensive and there is no wine. So a daily newspaper in French will be a help. I wish something of the same sort could be done for the Czechs. There are hundreds of thousands of books in French in this country which might be collected for General de Gaulle's army, but there are very few books in Czech.

MR. JAMES BONE, the celebrated London Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, telegraphed a few days ago from Baltimore, which he is visiting on business for the *Guardian:*

> The news to-day that St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, in which Milton is buried, has been damaged is arousing indignation throughout the United States, every town having pilgrims who have visited this shrine. To-morrow's papers are to publish angry poems and articles about the damage. The *Baltimore Evening Sun* quotes "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour."

AN exciting and fascinating story is on the point of being told. A book has been found which may contain notes in Shakespeare's own handwriting. The book is the 1550 edition of Edward Hall's Chronicles of the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. It is well known that Shakespeare got most of his historical material from Hall. In this copy there are 160 annotated pages. Experts have already been impressed by the steadily accumulating evidence that Shakespeare may have made these notes, and Sir John Squire is busy on a book which will tell the whole story and marshal all the evidence.

GOLFERS will remember the Australian amateur, Jim Ferrier, who came from Australia a few years ago, and only lost the Amateur Championship by two holes in the final to Hector Thomson. It was a curious final. Thomson's style made it look as if it were impossible for him to play anything but a perfect stroke, and Ferrier's style made it look as if it were a miracle that he ever hit the ball at all. Last week Ferrier was suddenly debarred from playing in the American Amateur Championship, on the ground that he had written newspaper articles and books about golf for money. The Americans may or may not be right, but I think they might have told Ferrier before he started from Australia, and not waited until he had travelled eleven thousand miles to the scene of the Championship.

MR. FRANK PICK, former Transport boss and now Director-General of the Ministry of Information, has already begun to reduce the staff of the Ministry. I eagerly look forward to the first time that one of my fellow-scribblers recalls the Geddes Economy Axe of the early 'twenties and trots out with "Pick-Axe."

Military Objective

"The preliminary bombing of Britain is over, and detailed destruction of British war industries is now beginning." So say "authoritative circles" in Berlin. Destroyed in detail, Milton gazes at the sky from which destruction came. The critic Hazlitt granted him the characteristic of elevation; this the German air-force denies. And by his shattered statue is the bomb-holed Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where two hundred and sixty-six years ago his body was laid. The attackers should know that they are by the margin of those two hundred and sixty-six years too late. Milton's elevation is more than the elevation of his effigy; his war industry a perpetual and indestructible monument to freedom. On the opposite page A. G. Macdonell reproduces a comment from America on the reaction over there to this bombing of a shrine for Transatlantic pilgrimage

Relief: Mme. Colban Visits a Norwegian Work-party

Mme. Colban, wife of the Norwegian Minister in London, gives a great deal of her time to work-parties for the Norwegian Relief Fund, was here talking to two workers about the making of miniature national flags. Norwegian news last week included a report of King Haakon's broadcast to Norway from London, dispelling rumours that he had gone to America, explaining his Government's position both before it left Norway and since it has been re-established over here, and enjoining his people everywhere to "remain Norwegian in your heart and your thoughts, even if your thoughts in the present circumstances cannot be translated into speech, writing and action"

Women in the News

Gift: the Princess Royal Hands Over Guide Ambulances

The Princess Royal, as President of the Girl Guides' Association, handed over the first ten of twenty ambulances purchased by Empire Guides for the Royal Navy, to the First Sea Lord. Then she inspected Guides and Brownies who were on parade. Empire Guides have raised £48,954 for a gift for the Navy, by giving half a day's income or pocket money, and are buying ambulances at the Admiralty's request

Decorated: Peggy Prince Gets the M.B.E.

Peggy Prince is the Dymchurch girl who made two journeys out to sea in her canoe, once with a soldier and once by herself, to try to rescue the crew of a crashed bomber. On her second trip she picked up the wireless operator, who "undoubtedly owes his life to Miss Prince's courage and determination." She described on the wireless the exploit that won her the M.B.E.

Instruction: Lady David Douglas-Hamilton Takes a Health and Beauty Class

Lady David Douglas-Hamilton (Prunella Stack that was) has been playing an active part again in the Women's League of Health and Beauty, whose work has been stimulated rather than interrupted by war conditions. Last week its leader was taking classes for teachers at a summer refresher course being held in London. This was her first appearance in the League's familiar white shirt and black trunks since her baby son was born in mid-June. Her husband, the Duke of Hamilton's youngest brother, is in the R.A.F.V.R. They were married two years ago

The Duke of Windsor, wearing light khaki uniform, took the oaths of office and of allegiance to the King, and was inducted as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahama Islands in the Legislative Council Chamber at Nassau. The Chief Justice, the Hon. O. B. Daly, administered the oaths. The Duke's speech of thanks for his welcome was described as "happily phrased." During the ceremony the Duchess of Windsor had a seat on the left of and lower than the daïs

The Duke of Windsor Becomes Governor of the Bahamas

Nearly three weeks ago the Duke and Duchess of Windsor arrived from Lisbon at their new home—Government House, Nassau. The Duke's sovereignty, as representative of the King, extends over some 4300 square miles of twenty inhabited islands and innumerable islets and rocks, with a population of around 67,000. Commercially, its chief interests are sponge-gathering, tomato-growing and forestry. Socially, it derives much of its vitality from its innumerable American visitors, especially in the winter. Politically, the Bahamas, like all European Colonies across the Atlantic, have acquired a new significance in Eastern-Western hemispherical relations

After his induction as Governor, the Duke of Windsor went out with the Duchess to salute the Guard of Honour in Nassau's Parliament Square. Among the officers in attendance were Lieut. James Oppe, A.D.C. to the retiring Governor, Sir Charles Dundas, Colonel Erskine-Lindop, Chief of the Bahaman Constabulary, and Captain Woods, A.D.C. to the new Governor

On their way to the Bahamas, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor paid a visit of several days to Bermuda, where this snapshot was taken. They spent their time there quietly swimming, shopping and on the golf course

"Welcome Duke and Duchess—Columbus 1492, Windsors 1940," was one of the Bahamas' welcoming messages to the new Governor and his wife. All Nassau turned out to line the harbour and streets, wave flags and cheer enthusiastically

Comedy-Thrillers Hold the Stages

"THE BODY WAS WELL NOURISHED"

Hero With Revolver

William Blake (Barry K. Barnes) unmasks the villainous Hawkins (Malcolm Keen) in the final scene of "The Body Was Well Nourished," a comedy-thriller by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, authors of the films "The Lady Vanishes" and "Night Train to Munich." Looking on is heroine Ann Vincent (Diana Churchill). Hero and heroine are, in private life, husband and wife

"ONCE A CROOK——"

Villain With Revolver

The Duke (William Holland), scarred super-criminal, has the whip-hand over Charlie Hopkins (Gordon Harker), a former confederate in dirty work, by whom he believes he has been double-crossed. "Once a Crook——" which is by Evadne Price and Ken Attiwill, authors of "Saloon Bar," Gordon Harker's last play, is at the Aldwych. Herbert Farjeon reviews it on the opposite page

Setting for Villainy

Sinister figure of enemy agent Bauer (Peter Cozens) in the background threatens violently to frustrate warning which Miss Smith (Joan Macarthur) is trying to give Ann Vincent and William Blake of the impending murder of Cabinet Minister Sir Gregory Upshott. Herbert Farjeon reviewed "The Body Was Well Nourished," which is at the Lyric, in last week's "Bystander"

Setting for Arrest

Inspector Marsh from Scotland Yard (George Street) arrives in the Duke's flat to find the Duke's mistress, Estelle (Anna Konstam), a corpse on the sofa and once-a-crook Charlie Hopkins guiltily holding the weapon in the case. Things are not, of course, what they seem, but Charlie has to stand his trial before the Duke's white-gloved villainy is unmasked

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Once a Crook" (Aldwych)

THE principal problem confronting Gordon Harker before embarking on a new production would seem to be whether he shall twist and turn with the hares or hue and cry with the official pack—it being beyond debate that he shall either hunt or be hunted, shall speak Cockney, shall drop into rhyming slang, shall himitate the hupper clawsses, and, whatever his thumbprints, shall be a thoroughgoing good sort. *Once a Crook*, by Evadne Price and Ken Attiwill, not very surprisingly introduces him as an old lag who has not very surprisingly reformed. One of his old associates, known as the Duke, just released from a long term of imprisonment, has got it in for him and has resolved to strike at him through the son he adores. This—the gift Mr. Harker had for opening any safe in record time having been hereditarily handed down—is not difficult. It only needs a blonde decoy to draw the boy into the shadow of the Yard.

BUT a boy's best friend (his mother being dead) is his father. Behold, then, Mr. Harker arrested for a crime he didn't commit, refusing to tell the court why he went to the Duke's apartment, and so shielding his flesh and blood. We are not greatly perturbed, knowing that all will come right in the end as surely as we know, when Mr. Harker dashes a manly tear from his underlip, that the next line will be a big laugh. Somehow we seem to know rather too much altogether about this play, the recipe for which might have been extracted from some standard crookery-book. Variations, of course, there are. The last time we saw Mr. Harker, the action of the play took place in the *bar* parlour of a London pub, delightfully designed by Gower Parks. This time the action of the play takes place in the *back* parlour of a London pub, again delightfully designed by the same artist. Last time Mr. Harker was a customer. This time he is a proprietor. Has not the moment arrived when such an excellent actor might advisedly take a chance of not making quite so much money as usual by striking out in a less familiar line? Catching the same morning train to go down to the same office to add up the same figures has never been regarded as a very exhilarating existence.

I'LL wager Richard Bird enjoys himself more in this play than does Mr. Harker, for the shambling loafer with a toper's palate and a teetotal tongue he acts so amusingly is something quite new for him—and what is more enjoyable than finding out that you can do something else? They say the world will never be the same again. They say all sorts of things are going to be very different from now on. But not, apparently, the theatre. This, if the managers can manage it, will go on and on being triumphantly dead, "living theatre" though it may now be called. Until such time as the patient public tires at last of seeing Punch, season after season, busy at his old game of reshuffling the bodies.

Sinister sweet-eater: the Duke (William Holland)

No honour among thieves: Hallelujah Harry (Richard Bird) "dipping" Estelle Graham (Anna Konstam)

With Scotland Yard on his tail: Charlie Hopkins (Gordon Harker) and Inspector Marsh (George Street)

Sketches by Rouson

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NOTHING illustrates the decline of our civilisation more clearly, in our unfortunate view, than the genteel modern ceremony of depriving enemy knights of their Bath and Garter honours, as it will be carried out in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in due course. In the first place, the ceremony will be strictly private, whereas the whole point of it, as conceived by the sensible Middle Ages, was public demonstration that a knight had been adjudged unworthy of honour. Apparently it was only in 1915 that the College of Heralds, twittering like a Jane Austen tea-party, decided that publicity was "repugnant to the taste and feeling of the age"; following which discovery the Heralds ought to have immediately been stripped of their gorgeous tabards and given a nice old-maidenly black silk bib and apron and a pair of mittens apiece. But maybe such niffnaffery was only to be expected, the solemn rites of admission and expulsion having been emasculated equally. The original ceremony of admission to the Bath, for example, is a noble and a moving ritual, rich in Christian symbolism; nowadays not even the bath is compulsory, still less the vigil. Expulsion should involve, among other symbolic rites, dragging down the forsworn knight's banner from his stall, trampling it underfoot, and kicking it out of Chapel in the presence of all the Order in its glory and in full view of the mournful populace. Next time expulsion becomes necessary, no doubt, a couple of chaps in bowler-hats, shirtsleeves, and aprons will pace softly in, roll up the offending banner in brown paper, and remove it in a plain van. This would not matter so much, one feels, if the Island Race had made up its woolly mind that ceremonial of this and every other kind is antiquated tosh; but the Race happens to be fiercely ritualistic, devoted to long and complicated ceremonies (such as Trooping the Colour and Pontifical High Tea), and clinging to what colour and grace and beauty and dignity still remain to modern life with great desperation; as indeed is only normal and instinctive to man.

A sad, pale business, this Windsor ceremony, rather like a water-colour imitation of a page from some glowingly illuminated Book of Hours—such as that breath-taking marvel of the world, *Les Très-Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*, which the Germans have probably looted from Chantilly by now—by a clergyman's widow in poor health. Next time you meet Rouge Dragon or one of the other boys from Heralds' College, give him the Indian Sign; respectfully, sorrowingly, but with decent firmness.

Change

"FOR two months in Paris we didn't do a damned thing," said a returned member of the 1940 Lafayette Air Squadron to a New York paper the other day, rapping the inefficient French Air Ministry, and to every fan of Sloggers Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, *et al* this will seem a very odd saying indeed. Maybe the boy was speaking figuratively? Or perhaps American airmen have changed greatly since the last war? Looking up the records and jogging a few vibrant memories, we seem to remember that Life burned with a pretty hard gem-like flame for most of those guys in Paris between the years 1917 and 1920. Beautiful women, uniformed and otherwise, American and Allied, plenty hay-you-garsong-same-again-ally-veet, and all the resultant heart-aches and hangovers, seem to have made their days and nights of Paris leave as crowded as the swiftest Hemingway type could desire. Our only personal contact with some of the Lafayette boys in the last war was at a party in the Rue d'Assas. Towards 4 a.m. they thought it would be nicer to slide down six floors by the banisters than take the lift. There was only one serious hospital case, a fractured skull, the rest being able to get as far as Zelli's, where first-aid was forthcoming, enabling them to start the night all over again.

"I got my feet wet this morning"

"A sword was good enough for my grandfather, and by gad, sir, it's good enough for me!"

We have often wondered what became of the survivors of these boy thunderbolts who returned at length to the United States and drab reality, and one of Dos Passos' novels later gave us a clue. Shorn of glory, wildness and romance, they seem to have taken the return to the old home-town rather hard, which is not surprising. To-day, we guess, they 're pretty staid, paunchy, crusty citizens, bawling out their offspring for staying out after 10 p.m., subscribing to the Democratic Party platform with Isolationist reservations, buying nothing but advertised products, glumly enjoying their intermittent escapes from the tyranny of home life to dress up with their brother-Elks and Kiwanis and Klansmen, and generally behaving like nice plain solid Babbitts, the backbone of the Republic.

Flop

MYSTERIOUS voices broadcasting recently from Deutschlandsender to imaginary parachute troops in Great Britain, "*Here is Holtmann. . . . Watch* 31. . . . *Sunrise* 5.18. . . . *Use Code 7*," rattled nobody in particular, this being a very threadbare old trick indeed. It has been used ad nauseam to dissolve important Cabinet or directors' meetings, under the form of anonymous telegrams saying "*All is discovered, get out at once.*" For many years this trick succeeded with ridiculous ease, the fattest of Big Business men getting off the mark to the Argentine with the agility of a wounded springbok. To-day, a chap in the City tells us, the receipt of such a message merely causes a passing panic and, possibly, a fatal seizure or two. Further West its effect is still relatively powerful, and if flashed suddenly on a Mayfair cinema screen it is guaranteed, experts say, to empty the house in five minutes. Such stampede-formulas are always interesting. At the Paris Exhibition a few years ago a light-minded Parisian chap assured us that by raising the cry "*Français, vous êtes trahis!*", he could immediately get any given crowd of 500,000 on the run in

every direction as easily as kiss-your-hand. We little dreamed how soon this would become tragic reality.

What the panic-formula, if any, for a British crowd may be we 've never heard. The cry " Pan is dead ! " stampeded the Greeks en masse some time ago, as Slogger Rabelais reports. Possibly the cry " Bradman is dead ! " would do the same for the Island Race. Experimenting with mob-psychology is fascinating but dangerous, as the youthful Chesterton discovered once with a playful friend. Standing on the fringes of a huge war-fevered crowd milling outside the Albert Hall during the Boer War they raised the cry " Three cheers for Cecil Rhodes ! " Frantic cheering. " Three cheers for Dr. Jameson ! " they shouted next, getting almost the same response. Proceeding thence to call for cheers for other illustrious names connected with the South African campaign, such as Goltmann, Albu, Joel, Eckstein, and Barney Barnato, and so down the list, the experimenters found a growing half-heartedness and bepuzzlement in the mob, leading to suspicious growls and finally to the exchange of punches, and developing into a general free fight, during which they withdrew in good order, laughing heartily. The moral any successful demagogue will tell you.

Contretemps

THAT hullabaloo or brouhaha in Hollywood over alleged Communist " infiltration," in which leading film stars have been involved by name, each indignantly denying any Red tendencies whatsoever and subsequently cleared, needn't have been taken too seriously, in our mousy view. One week it 's Vitalism with those restless boys and girls, the next it 's Behavourism, or Voodoo, or Zoroastrianism, or whatever happens to be going. When we were last in touch with those birds of Paradise they were going collectively crazy over Freud. A week or so later Freud was out and Yoga was in the top groove. You mustn't think Hollywood takes up these things and drops them frivolously; those sweethearts are all madly in earnest over each new basinful of culture and progress as it occurs, and they only drop it because something more hotcha keeps coming along. But we doubt if even a fleeting dab at Communism was wise. It 's pretty swell and colourful to be a boudoir Bolshevik, way up among the intellectuals (and what intellectuals), but it 's the bourgeoisie who swing the box-office, and we guess a few of the publicity-boys of Hollywood went half-crazy with rage and fear when a Communist Party official testified before a grand jury that seventeen of the world's screen idols recently became members of Communist study-groups and subscribers to Party funds.

Ever since Charlie Chaplin started curling up with Plato of an evening there has been a general impression—cunningly fostered by the publicity-boys—that Hollywood film stars can read, write, and think. This typically fantastic American boast, which took the world by storm about fifteen years ago, was once echoed in our presence, half-smilingly, half-defiantly, by a dear little West End actress at a party. Everybody within hearing laughed good-naturedly except one cross-grained scowling chap who said it was high time for little actresses to go back in their box. We thereupon folded the dainty sweetheart carefully and packed her away in tissue paper till the next performance.

Carillon

TAKEN by and large—we always wish somebody would tell us what that means — Miss Dorothy Sayers, whom some vulgar scribbler recently christened " Britain's Auntie Dot," is undoubtedly right on the bell-ringing question. It 's no laughing matter, as campanologists know, and there are going to be some surprises for eager amateurs who rush into the old village belfry when the invaders are signalled and begin pully-hauling on those woolly ropes. Thinner skulls than the Arcadian average will probably shoot right up to the ceiling to be cracked like empty egg-shells; those who escape this fate may find themselves dangling, like their rude forefathers, with their necks in a rope's end and discovering, as the poet Villon pleasantly remarked of the candidates for Montfaucon gallows, that their behinds weigh more than their heads. This dual end was predicted with macabre relish by five bell-ringers at the first L.D.V. meeting in our village, and probably in every other village in England, when the question was first mooted. Bell-ringing, like bull-fighting, is a craft into which the outsider blunders at his peril. It may be argued that to a sensitive ear the results are not generally so pleasing as, say, a performance by one of the master-carillonneurs of the Low Countries, who merely punch a keyboard (alas, what silvery tunes, if any, are sprinkled over the countryside from Bruges to-day ?), but we wouldn't make an issue of it.

Bell-ringers are touchy chaps. We once quite innocently surmised in print that they probably didn't perspire much at their pleasing toil. Hordes of infuriated bell-ringers attacked us instantly, roaring that no other men since the world's dawn ever sweated so profusely as they do in the act of ringing out old shapes of foul disease, the narrowing lust of gold, and the thousand wars of old, and ringing in the thousand years of peace for which we have to thank them once a year. Had Tennyson belonged to a more realist school he might have added a cheery little verse about bell-ringers wringing out their shirts as well. However, the Queen might not have been amused.

Nocturne

THIS little A.R.P. duologue, said to have been overheard one night recently in the Maida Vale sector, seemed new to us :

" Excuse me, madam, but there is a chink at your first-floor window."

" Excuse *me*, sir, that 's a gentleman from the Mexuvian Legation."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" And underneath this one we have Sister Maconochie "

Films of the Day

Reel-Life Portraits of the Great

By J. E. Sewell

As the present grows more disturbing, and the future more problematic, Hollywood has decided to cash-in on nostalgia—for many years an excellent box-office ingredient in the big cities, but hitherto not so heartwarmingly profitable outside them. What fun they used to have long ago—and how much more authentic the fun seems when it is attached to somebody who really lived, somebody almost as real as grandmamma.

Wherefore, the veil is now lifted, for Londoners, on the youthful career of Thomas Edison, before he became famous, and on New York's stage darling of the 'nineties, Lillian Russell. It would have taken me only a few days' careful research to be able to advise you whether these films are strictly and literally accurate in all respects, or whether, in this or that detail, some small licence has been taken by the producers. Somehow, I couldn't get myself to care. So what follows is based on strictly internal evidence, and if anybody objects, I can only reply that, if a thing doesn't seem convincing, it doesn't matter in the least how many times it actually happened.

I THINK I can pass Mickey Rooney's *Young Tom Edison*. It may not be authentic (or it may, for that matter). But it presents a number of unusual things happening in the way that you rather feel they might happen. Also, the film is entertaining.

I have been wondering about Rooney ever since I saw him give an entirely original, excellent, and very shocking presentation of Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I nearly stopped wondering after the Hardy series, and decided that I was wrong. Anyone who could so obviously enjoy being a young bouncible for so long was probably no actor. I take that back now, for a performance which is far less vulgar, and which really does seem to grope after the queer imp of mischief who puzzled and therefore irritated the people of Port Huron, Michigan, way back in the 'sixties.

There is a good deal of Mark-Twain-and-all-that, but in some ways Mark Twain was not so far wrong. Moreover, as one who in his time has nearly wrecked his mother's kitchen with an explosion (the ingredients, in case anyone wants to follow up the experiment, were, if I remember rightly, chewed chewing-gum, tobacco-ash and concentrated sulphuric acid in a test-tube), I have full sympathy with young Tom's experiments with nitro-glycerine and raw phosphorus on board the train in which he is working. Like me, he was misunderstood.

I have less sympathy with young Tom the go-getter, who sells his sweets to train passengers, and thus starts a flourishing business, and I don't think Mr. Duff Cooper would have cared much for the gentle hoax of announcing an Indian massacre on the telegraph tapper when the operator's back was turned. On the other hand, to improvise, with oil-lamps and a mirror, sufficient light to enable an operation to be performed on his mother, and thus save her life, was surely admirable; and so was signalling to his little sister to save a train wreck. Altogether an estimable and considerably ill-used young man, and an excellent example to stupid, bumptious little brats like Andy Hardy.

In passing, I must praise Fay Bainter's very human portrait of Edison's mother, and Virginia Weidler for being what every young sister should always be to an elder brother who is a genius.

Genius A-Growing

Mickey Rooney has temporarily abandoned his portrayal of the adventures of that typical adolescent, Andy Hardy, to play instead the part of that very remarkable youth, Tom Edison. Later we are promised a continuation of this biography, with Spencer Tracy as Edison the man, first of America's heroes to be thought by Hollywood worth thus doubly honouring. In "Young Tom Edison," now at the Regal, George Bancroft and Fay Bainter appear as the inventor's parents, and Virginia Weidler as his admiring sister. The film is reviewed by J. E. Sewell on this page

I CANNOT pass *Lillian Russell* as remotely authentic, not if every word, every song, every sigh were accompanied by a signed affidavit. But perhaps I am not meant to. My programme speaks of a "fabulous" era, consoling me with the reflection that perhaps, after all, Diamond Jim Brady was a solar myth whom Fraser could explain away.

If it is true that New York showered its jewels and orchids upon this lady, in homage untinged with hope or ambition, I may not argue, but I may ask to see it explained. If it is true that she walked out on Gilbert and Sullivan, partly because she was going to have a baby, but also because her husband's repartee had given Gilbert an inferiority complex, I will believe, but it will take more than Don Ameche to convince me. If anything I have seen about Edward-Arnold-Jim-Brady in celluloid is true, I demand further information; and that goes also for an incredible music-master at the beginning of the film who says to the young and blushful Helen Leonard, "My dear, you will be a success in everything you do, because you are all woman."

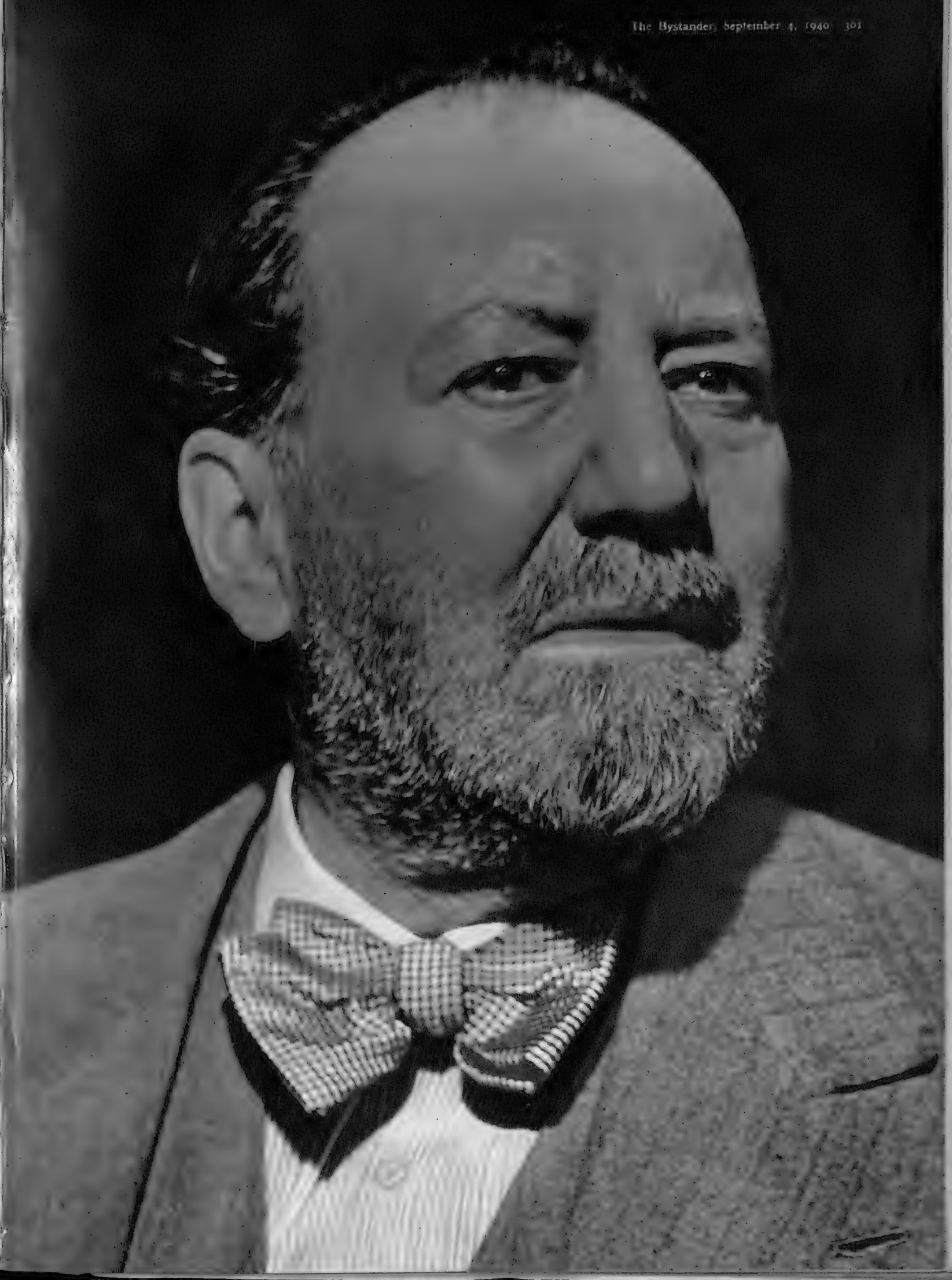
All woman she is, with Alice Faye to blink her tear-dimmed orbs as she tells the millionaire that, while she can accept presents, she can never love. But, with all respect to the music-master, is she quite as good as everybody seems to think? Did the 'nineties thrill to that husky little contralto, that curiously swaying gait, that life of unblemished demureness? I shall never complain of seeing too much of Miss Faye, but somehow I can never believe in her as a great star of the theatre in any period.

She is dumbly pursued throughout the film by Henry Fonda, in the guise of a newspaper-man who never tells his love, but lets concealment like a worm i' the bud feed on his damask cheek, until even Fonda fans must get a trifle impatient. But I cannot answer for them. I shall remember longest the pantomime-demon's guffaw with which Mr. Arnold elects to announce to all in earshot that Mr. Brady is unlucky once again.

Mr. George Campbell will resume his articles next week

Music's Missionary

"Tell me, Mr. Wood, are you *quite* English?" Queen Victoria asked that question more than forty years ago when the Queen's Hall orchestra under its promising young conductor had been commanded to play for her at Windsor. And the reason behind the doubt was less Henry Wood's then slightly foreign appearance and Bohemian habit than his ability and willingness to play and understand the works of so outrageously modern and un English composer as Wagner. Even then he was the apostle of the out-of-the-way, never content to lull accustomed ears with habitual strains. Now Wagner has his Mondays at the Queen's Hall, in deference to the old-fashioned, while at seventy-one Sir Henry Wood finds plenty of place in his titanic eight weeks' programme-making for newer schools, missionary of to-morrow's gods. Last year, the forty-fifth of his Promenade reign, the last of the eight summer weeks were sabotaged by war and for the first time the Proms. could not run their course. But now again, Blitzkrieg or not, Sir Henry sports his carnation to the rostrum six nights a week and the packed Promenaders are treated to their feast of music of all ages from the earliest to the one after next. This is announced as a farewell, but for once the music-lover hopes "farewell" is as empty a slogan as it sometimes sadly is



From Moscow to Shaftesbury Avenue

Bert Marshall and His Wife, Fredda Brilliant: He Produced and She is Now Acting in "Thunder Rock," at the Globe

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

When Fredda Brilliant met her husband-to-be in Moscow she was making portrait busts of Molotov and Dimitrov. Later she was commissioned to do a bust of Mayakovsky, Soviet poet, the tenth anniversary of whose death (by suicide) is being celebrated in Russia this year, and whose official English translator is Bert Marshall. Here Mrs. Marshall is working on a head of Shirley Wakefield, the actress

Fredda Brilliant's variegated life began in Poland, where her father, a cork-maker, gave her her first sculpting lessons. Her family emigrated to Australia, there she developed a voice, worked her way to New York to study at the Metropolitan Opera House, later played at Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Theatre. She went to Russia via England, and in Moscow in 1935 met and married an Englishman, Bert Marshall, who was producing plays for the Moscow radio. She is now playing with Michael Redgrave, in "Thunder Rock," which moved to Shaftesbury Avenue after an enormously successful run of several weeks at the Neighbourhood Theatre

Herbert Marshall, who produced "Thunder Rock," is the son of a bricklayer and a seamstress, and has himself been lather-boy in a barber's shop (aged thirteen), printer's devil, surveyor's apprentice, chauffeur. After he gravitated to the stage and screen, he met Pudovkin, the great Soviet film-maker, and through him went to the Soviet Higher Academy of Cinema. There for 4½ years he studied Marxist philosophy, political economy, sculpture, music, painting, dancing, cinematography, and took a theatre course under Meyerhold. After this educational mouthful he worked in Moscow, married Fredda Brilliant, and came back to his native land in 1937. Last year he wrote the scenario for and produced with Paul Robeson "The Proud Valley"

Anthony

Margot Fonteyn and Chi

Chi is Margot Fonteyn's Siamese cat, and lives with her and her mother in their Egerton Gardens flat. After this week the Sadler's Wells ballerina will be on holiday for a short time: the summer season of opera and ballet at the Wells ends on Saturday (last ballet night, Friday) and the two companies have a brief rest before beginning rehearsals for the autumn season. Sadler's Wells has created a record for itself by staying open throughout this wartime summer. Its full houses during the black weeks of June and July, when a few musical shows and one straight play were all that the commercial theatre's audiences could support, were the final and complete justification of Lilian Baylis's faith that opera and ballet would one day be a necessity to London and not a fashionable luxury. Margot Fonteyn herself has given performances of great beauty during the season, particularly in *Le Lac des Cygnes* and *Giselle*, and, among modern ballets, in *Nocturne* and *The Wise Virgins*. The unhurried but uninterrupted development of this young dancer into a classical ballerina of the first rank makes very clear the contribution to the art of ballet, both on the stage and in the classrooms, of the theatre in Rosebery Avenue

Political Brothers

Economic Warrior Dingle And Journalist Michael Foot

Background *of Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament is appropriate to the Sunday morning stroll of Mr. and Mrs. Dingle Foot, who live at Tufton Court, Tufton Street, conveniently near the heart of British politics*

Brothers *Michael and Dingle Foot get together over one of the brillian Standard" leaders, which have brought Michael swift fame as a tre uncompromising journalist. Both brothers were in their time Presidents of Union, and both have turned their mastery of the English language to g*

"Why Not Lock Up General de Gaulle?" the *Evening Standard* when the Government's in full swing; "why not lock up Michael Foo battle-cry of the Silent Column. For in article regular leaders for the *Standard* he has never l that everything is for the best in this best of al of secret sessions, upholder of Stalin's Balti advocate of friendship with the U.S.S.R., c enterprise, the reputation he has made for war is itself proof that the claims of young m of a share in the direction of the country are Michael is twenty-seven, and appropriately h is the youngest member of the Governmen as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry in May and has ably seconded Hugh Dalto prosecution of that important branch of m followed the reorganisation of the Administrat

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Wife of Mr. Dingle Foot is an indefatigable committee-woman. Discharged Prisoners' Aid, the New Commonwealth, the Housing Centre and the Liberal Social Council are among her many interests. By her desk hangs a portrait of her great-grandfather, William Elliston, who was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Her family tradition, though, is mainly political and she counts many Parliamentarians among her forbears

Cromwell looks down from his pedestal outside St. Stephen's Hall on the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare and his wife. The Lord Protector is the hero of Dingle Foot's distinguished father, the Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot, and his speeches spring readily to the skilled tongues and pens of the Foot family

At home in their Tufton Court drawing-room, the Foot family are backed by shelves of books. With them and sampling the library is Mrs. Dingle Foot's sister, Miss Kitty Elliston, who is in the W.R.N.S.

wrote Michael Foot in
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Infinite Variety

The Transformations of Cyril Ritchard

Man behind the disguises: an off-stage portrait of Cyril Ritchard

Papa in "Up and Doing's" French farce sketch

One of the Whitehall Warriors

I'm one of the Whitehall Warriors!
I look so immensely picturesque
Behind an expensive walnut desk. . . .
I'm one of the Whitehall Warriors—
One of the Red Tape Brigade . . .
With a stroke of the pen
I set thousands of men
Making bicycle clips for the troops. . . .
Although bureaucratic
And aristocratic
My salary's not very much—
I'm one of the Whitehall Warriors
And that's about all—
WHITEHALL!

Gloria Gangrene—Torch-Singer

Your company 's requested at a dream,
The favour of your presence I 'd esteem ;
So midnight to-night in Dreamland
Let that be our rendezvous.
You 're cordially invited to attend,
But if you wouldn't mind don't bring a friend. . . .
So R.S.V.P., my darling,
Your company 's requested at a dream.

AUSTRALIAN-BORN, ex-medical student, Cyril Ritchard came to London by way of New York in 1925 with a high reputation as a juvenile and light comedy actor in his homeland. This reputation he sustained and added to for seven years in the West End, appearing in comedy and revue and as one of the Co-optimists of 1930, before returning to Australia. Now he has turned his talent in a very different direction, having first been introduced as a character comedian by Herbert Farjeon in *Nine Sharp*. He stayed with the Little Theatre company for the next edition of Farjeon's revue, and since this spring has been at the Saville with Leslie Henson in *Up and Doing*, cruelly taking off the antics of torch-singers, embusqués, fan-dancers, and the assorted flora and fauna of wartime civilisation. His wife and former dancing partner, Madge Elliott, is meanwhile doing much the same sort of thing, including parodying her own earlier self in a mock-sentimental pas de deux, as one of the stars of *Swinging The Gate* at the Ambassadors

Photographs by Anthony

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, that ought to blue-pencil well teach yer not to come monkeyin' around 'ere with yer blue-pencil Dornier, flyin' blue pencil, or whatever it is"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Booze in Bombay

By V. S. Pritchett

Sooner or later the contemporary American novelists seem to file into the saloon bar and pickle their books in alcohol. A statistician should work out how many gallons have been consumed by the characters of American fiction during the last twenty years; a pious research worker should go through it to discover what characters did not ask for a highball; or, asking for one, did not get it. This is a terrible bore. I suppose Prohibition 's to blame. Mr. Louis Bromfield has reached this alcoholic stage in *Night in Bombay* (Cassell; 9s.), which the Book Society has chosen. Why? Compared with *The Rains Came* it is lush and sodden melodrama, highly-coloured and sexy journalism. Compare Mr. Bromfield's Bombay with that of an Indian writer like Mulk Raj Anand. Mr. Bromfield has just transported Hollywood or Chicago to India, and, of course, that is the kind of India the ordinary public wants. Official India is beyond it, native India bores it, but the Eastern-Western mix-up in between, the garish demi-monde, where visiting business-men sit sozzling among the gold-diggers, titillates the tired imagination of the European or American city dweller. Mr. Bromfield might reply that this sordid middle-class India is real, a symptom of the present condition of civilisation, and he is right enough there; he also might protest that he presents to us one or two people who are working selflessly in the Indian villages, and that his novel is concerned with the very problematical redemption of its heroine. One grants him these virtuous intentions, but through what sentimentality—disguised as realism—one has to wade before they are fulfilled.

Carol is a luscious Swedish-American beauty, a divorcee and gold-digging dancer from Minnesota. Being a blonde on Rubenesque lines, she is much desired by Indians. They just follow her round the streets and hotels. Sadly, longingly, the charming and impotent Maharajah of Jellapore swills champagne and plays "Alone" on his gramophone, as hopelessly he considers her. The reader sees her usually overcome by the heat, a little drunk, very undressed, on the make and wondering whether to take up with her ex-husband again. Carol has "been places" with a vengeance; she is really a poule de luxe, something out of Maurice Dekobra. But, like Thaïs, she is obviously destined to fall for the puritanical and sick missionary, Buck Merrill, her ex-husband's friend. The ex-husband turns up. He is a reformed character, but the climate is too much for him. Soon he too is buzzing about ex-wife, who, though deplorably lacking in brains or conversation, has a hard head and almost a heart of gold. The hard-faced gambler Mrs. Trollope—also in love with Carol, just to show you that Mr. Bromfield knows what the Bombay climate can do—is more interesting. And so is the sinister Czech Baroness, whose secret terror is that socialistic governments will close down on her money, which she moves from one European country to the next. There is a real and original story in the Baroness's pursuit of Carol, in the shadowing, spying, and so on; for the Baroness knows what she is up to. She is a Madame from Paris looking for a hostess for one of her high-class houses. Carol realises that it is a choice between the missionary and the Madame.

Newdigate Prizewinner Engaged

Allan William Plowman, of Queen's College, Oxford, who won the Newdigate Prize in 1935 when he was nineteen, is engaged to Norma Mary Haigh, only daughter of the late Capt. W. N. Haigh, and Mrs. Haigh. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Plowman, of New Barnet

Mr. Bromfield is, of course, competent He has talent and vitality. He knows enough about India to create an atmosphere vividly, especially a corrupt atmosphere. His characters are stagey exaggerations of uncommon but real types which have an exotic interest. It is a pity he lays this on so thickly.

To Miss Alma Wittlin's *Abdul Hamid* (Lane; 12s. 6d.) is a step from melodrama to the far more fascinating reality of the Orient. Abdul Hamid was the great Sultan of Turkey in the nineteenth century, and reigned until just before the last war, when the Young Turks removed him. Miss Wittlin has written a most brilliant and absorbing character-study of this awful man, a study in the shames, fears and manias of a despot who was "the sick man of Europe" in person. His cringing, dowdy, crafty little figure, creeping about the fortress-palace he had built for himself outside Constantinople, is set against the background of mediæval Turkey, cracking and crumbling towards its ruin. In one sense Abdul Hamid was a victim. The harem which bred him was a hot-house which brought its children forward rapidly in sensual precocity but devitalised their minds as thoroughly as a prison eats away the will and minds of prisoners. Moreover the future rulers of Turkey were almost completely uneducated. They knew all about poisons, plots, assassination and astrology; they knew nothing about finance or their State. They certainly did not know its geography. Abdul Hamid's uncle and his brother had both preferred semi-lunacy to facing the anarchy which contact with Western capitalism was bringing into the Turkish Empire. Abdul Hamid's strength, though it was perverse, sprang from his neurotic nature. It was commonly suspected that he had had an Armenian father, and this shame and humiliation, worked upon by a dominating Circassian mother, created in the son a vast love of power, a devilish taste for secret methods, espionage, and devious cruelties. He was intelligent enough to know how to play the Great Powers off against each other. He even guessed that international capitalism was somehow new and important. When an inventory was made of the effects he left behind at the warren of Yildiz, thousands of shirts were discovered in which were stuffed banknotes and railway shares. This trembling old man in the faded frock-coat, who slept in a different room every night so as to deceive possible assassins, who kept a special room for antidotes for poisons, and spare crusts of food in case he was starved out, lived a totally different life from that of his predecessors. His uncle, for example, the one who had astonished Paris by his appetite for eggs and mutton, had lived in orgiastic opulence with a harem of 900 women; and, bored beyond endurance, used to chase chickens round the palace and solemnly order the Court officials to decorate the birds with the highest Turkish Orders. Abdul Hamid's extravagances had not this genial, if lunatic, touch; his were the cold, multiple extravagances of terror, espionage and calculation. Miss Alma Wittlin's biography handles this extraordinary material with learning and skill.

"Diamonds to Sit On," by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov (The Labour Book Service), is a Russian farce, and the funniest book I have read for many years. Its humour, however, is for those whose taste is for the seamy, exasperated, extravagant and bizarre. Hippolyte Vorobianinov is a stuffy, pompous and silly little man who hates his mother-in-law. She dies, and on her death-bed tells him that during the Revolution she hid the family diamonds in one of a suite of dining-room chairs. Off with Hippolyte all over Russia to find them. A marvellous crook called Bender soon pumps the story out of Hippolyte, and the rest of the story describes the ridiculous disasters which occur to him and the magnificent resourcefulness of Bender. He is one of those quick-change artists in knavery who can concoct a cock-and-bull story on the spur of any moment. He will steal, lie, burgle, and even marry, if a chance of getting one of the chairs is involved. And, as he points out, after every disappointment, the odds increase in their favour. Bender's wedding, the auction, Bender posing as a fire inspector, a politician, a Tsarist conspirator, and the final scene when he and Hippolyte drive a priest, who is their rival, up a mountain near Tiflis, are great moments in this piece of P. G. Wodehouse which has been transplanted in the land of opportunity.

***Cooks** for their shift at Pirbright are Mrs. O. C. Bristowe, whose husband is a well-known golfer and a former Walker Cup player, and Mrs. Guy, wife of Commander Guy, R.N., V.C., D.S.O. They have about 120 colleagues on the canteen's voluntary-helper list, including Mrs. Guy's daughter*

***Washers-up** at two of Pirbright's three sinks are Miss Billingshurst (in front) and Miss Joan Negretti. She is a member of one of the two famous scientific-instrument-making families, and one of the most promising of the younger golfers*

***Caretakers** are Mr. and Mrs. Warren, here taking an urn to be filled. They live at and for the Pirbright canteen, and work from morning till night. He owned two restaurants in Australia before a bad accident forced him to give up business*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

Nos. 31 and 32.

Pirbright and Cowshott Y.M.C.A. Canteens

***Head** of the Pirbright voluntary workers is the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Brabazon, whose husband, son of the late Earl of Meath, was killed in action in 1915. Talking to her is the Secretary, Mr. C. A. Carter, a native of Jersey, who has done several months' Y.M.C.A. work in France and was evacuated from Brest after the French collapse*

***"When did you last write home?"** demands a notice in the corner of the light, comfortable reading-room. The Trefoil Hut (see left) at Pirbright is a gift to the Y.M.C.A. from Girl Guides all over the Empire, who also provided its whole equipment. Services, including Holy Communion, are held in the reading-room on Sundays and are largely attended*

Server *is Mrs. Frank Bland, cousin-in-law of Sir Nevile Bland, formerly Minister at The Hague. Her client was an Army chef who came in for a cup of tea and to buy a shilling's-worth of the old threepenny-bits for his 18-months-old daughter in Glasgow*

Helper *at both canteens, Pirbright and Cowshott, is Mrs. Mac Turner, another of the many keen golfers who live in the neighbourhood. Her daughters Sally and Jane were doing some odd jobs around the Pirbright hut while waiting for their mother to come off duty*

Two more canteens in the Woking district (pictures of the headquarters in Woking were in last week's *Bystander*) are Cowshott, a marquee in the camp, and Pirbright, a brand-new hut only recently opened. Cowshott voluntary workers, about 60 of them, are in charge of Lady Hunter since the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Brabazon gave all her time to organising the new establishment at Pirbright. There is also a paid staff of four. Up to £55 a day is taken at Cowshott, and 20,000 cigarettes have been sold in a week. Custom at Pirbright is on much the same scale, a morning's record being fifteen urns of tea drunk (6 gallons in each), and 2700 mugs washed up. Here there are a resident caretaker and his wife, besides 120 voluntary workers under Mrs. Brabazon. Men can bring their wives and children to the Pirbright hut at week-ends, an unusual concession made at this canteen because the camp is some distance from a town or village. A point is made here of workers wearing the neat regulation Y.M.C.A. overalls — butcher blue with red belts

Potato-peelers *at Pirbright are Miss Purnell and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Hamilton. She is a sister of Mrs. Brabazon, and her husband, a fellow-officer of Mrs. Brabazon's husband in the Coldstream Guards, was killed a year before Captain Brabazon. Her son is also in the Coldstream. She works at Cowshott as well as Pirbright*

Cowshott cakes *are arranged by Miss Gabriel, a regular worker. On busy days about two hundred of these are sold. They come from the Y.M.C.A. store in Woking, both Cowshott and Pirbright being subsidiaries of the Y.M.C.A. headquarters at St. John's, Woking*

At Cowshott *clearing up for the night is done around ten in the evening. Mugs are collected Army fashion, i.e., in a bucket, chairs stacked, rubbish swept up. The canteen hours are 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., 1.30 to 2 p.m. and 4 to 9.45 p.m. The workers here are the Hon. Mrs. Calthorpe and Mrs. Gerald Bennett. Mrs. Calthorpe's sixteen-year-old son succeeded as ninth Lord Calthorpe when his grandfather died in July*

Leader *at Cowshott before he moved over to the newer Pirbright canteen was Captain Jones, here talking to Mrs. Brabazon, accompanied by the Cowshott mascot Tasman, a very regular canteen customer. Captain Jones does a good deal of liaison work between the two places, carting helpers and buns about with equal cheerfulness*

Coming Coats

Fur and Braid

A mildly military influence might well be expected in the new models this autumn, and one of the first signs of it is braid. This has, of course, already been seen on many frocks, but now it is being used on coats to replace strips of fur trimming. On the model below, from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, corded braid embroidery runs in two long panels down the front of the coat. As there is no collar, only small revers, you could wear a fur when the weather grows colder. For a coat that looks right both in town and in the country, they suggest a well-cut tweed with a tiny velvet collar

Long-haired furs are always attractive for boleros and jackets, but they need very careful working if they are not to look bulky and overweighted. Molho, of 5, Duke Street, Manchester Square, specialises in young-looking furs with tailored details. His flattering square shoulder-line is shown in the attractive lynx jacket above, for 42 guineas. This is a lovely fur, in soft shades of sandy-brown and cream, charming with black and with almost any colour. They have lynx coats in several lengths, including a bolero for 16 guineas. If you are looking for a darker fur, they have a three-quarter length jacket in glossy Canadian skunk for 32 guineas. Molho also makes intriguing hats to go with any of his furs

CONVERSATIONS ON BEAUTY

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.
ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, THE FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

—I like the colour of your new lipstick . . . . . I'm glad you've made a change.

—Are you charming or just catty?

—I'm honest: the trouble is more rot is talked about Beauty and Cosmetics than anything else.

—I quite agree . . . . . but I'm using a lipstick recommended by Pomeroy, so it *must be good.*

—I know a woman who spends the whole morning having her face done up. She looks like all the other over-painted silly women . . . . . one of those awful modern faces which seem to be hungering for the sensation after the next.

—I'm sure I know the woman you mean. My dear, she looks exactly like an unmade bed.

—What most women want, let's face it, is just to be madly attractive to men. When we don't succeed, we look cross . . . . . and when we look cross, we don't succeed.

—Sex Appeal in a woman is 75% good temper . . . . .

—Of course it is . . . . . the light of laughter and friendship in a woman's eyes is more important than a box of mascara.

— . . . . . and wrinkle cream won't remove temper lines.

—That reminds me . . . . . do you use Pomeroy Skin Food?

—I was the one who first told *you* to use Pomeroy Skin Food. Of course I use it.

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Pomeroy Astringent Lotion

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

The Lady Mary Pratt

Lady Mary Clementine Pratt announced her engagement in mid-August to Flt.-Lieut. the Hon. Oswald Berry, fifth of the six sons of Lord Kemsley and the late Lady Kemsley. She is the only daughter of Major the Earl and Countess of Brecknock, and granddaughter of Marquess Camden; she is nineteen this year, three years younger than her fiancé

Harlip

Miss Mary Rose Charteris

Mary Rose Charteris, youngest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, of 24, Oxford Square, W.2, and the late Mrs. Charteris, announced two weeks ago that she would be married shortly to Roderic Thesiger, Welsh Guards. He is the youngest son of the late Hon. Wilfred Thesiger, and Mrs. Reginald Astley, of the Milebrook, Bucknell, Shropshire. She is a cousin of the Earl of Wemyss, and sister of Viscountess Long and Lady O'Neill

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Serena Mary Gifford

Serena Mary Gifford is the only daughter of the late Lord Gifford and Maud Lady Gifford, of Shrivenham House, Shrivenham, Berks., and cousin of the present Baron. She is to be married shortly to Patrick de G. V. C. Warren, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy de G. Warren, of 36, Cheyne Court, S.W.3

Miss Pamela Egerton and Capt. Stockley

Captain Ralph Capel Stockley, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, only son of the late Brig.-General H. R. Stockley, and Mrs. Stockley, of Tudor House, Oaksey, Wilts., and Pamela Katharine Egerton were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She is the younger daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton, of 13, Portman Square, W.1, and niece of the Earl of Ellesmere and the Earl of Lichfield

Mr. Buchanan and Lady Alexandra Cadogan

Sec.-Lieut. Robert Gillian Buchanan, K.O.S.B., and Lady Alexandra Cadogan were married at St. Luke's, Chelsea. He is the second son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Buchanan, of Drumpellier, and Mrs. Buchanan, of Corsewall, Stranraer. She is the younger sister of Earl Cadogan, is twenty this year. Her mother, Marie Countess Cadogan, lives at 63, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3

(Concluded on page 318)

The thirsty travellers'
quest is ended
When spirits with their
Schweppes are blended

Bill Cox, *professional at Wimbledon Park Golf Club, has not given up his job and is still giving plenty of lessons. But now he also patrols a beat as a War Reserve policeman and spends what little time is over in digging for victory, with notable success, to judge from the splendour of these vegetables, and in pig-breeding*

Henry Cotton, *twice British Open Champion and during this war indefatigable raiser of Red Cross funds on golf-courses, has now put his war effort into uniform. He is a pilot officer in the Administrative and Special Duties branch of the R.A.F.V.R. With him is his wife, also a first-class golfer, who was the last Austrian Ladies' Champion before Hitler took over*

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Bring Out the Blaster

TIME, more of it, was always the unfulfilled wish of golfing days when I prowled round with notebook and pencil, camera and field-glasses. It is still my wish. If only I had time, how gladly would I offer it to work for the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund, which will quite inevitably be started sooner or later. After all, have we not a ready-made title for it in "The Blaster," to mark it for our very own? And would not every golfer gladly give something to get that "Spitfire" quickly into the air? When we were very young, our greatest golfing ambition was to see a ball rise white against the bright blue sky; now we ought to be satisfied with nothing less than seeing our own particular "Spitfire" do likewise. What about it?

I cannot do the work of collecting myself, nor ask that the office shall do it for me. But is there no golfer, of either sex, or any age, who could undertake it? Many of us are already making contributions to other "Spitfires," but I wonder what it would bring in if every golfer would give, say, one day's pay towards one of our own? I for one will send my mite on that basis, if and when somebody gets the fund going. Golfers are a vastly richer community than some; stones will surely be thrown if they hang back. But if they cannot do it alone, can they not combine with the tennis players, the hockey players, any other well-organised sporting body, and go to it?

To return to the air, many golfers in the Midlands, South-East and Northern divisions—I am sorry this reads rather like the report of an air raid—will hear with genuine appreciation of her sporting spirit that Mrs. E. G. Smith is now a W.A.A.F. There is no short cut to commissioned rank; Mrs. Smith, used to command, has had to obey instead, and go through such rough and tumble as is incidental to the ranks. Not very rough, maybe, to those in the early twenties, but a glance at county records suggests that if that is her category, she must have been captaining Warwickshire from the schoolroom, if not the nursery. Those who have come across her in county golf, or when she played at Sandy Lodge, lent helping hands at Roehampton open meetings, BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes at Hesketh, or latterly ran the country club at Firbeck so efficiently, will take off their hats and say again that she is a real sport. She is taking grandly to the life, and it is difficult to believe that the ranks will hold her long.

One of her last pre-war efforts near London was to help Miss Beryl Harvey with the Parliamentary Foursomes at Moor Park. Those are associated in mind with Lady Knollys, who played a distinguished part in them one year, just as she did when the Parliamentary so nearly won the Field Day at Wentworth. Lady Knollys has taken her children to America now; Lady Brecknock, another Parliamentary enthusiast, has just seen her daughter engaged; Lady Carisbrooke's daughter is busy with any number of patriotic enterprises and hard work. Will any of these follow their mother's golfing footsteps in after-the-war days?

THERE has been no question whatever about the success of the L.G.U. effort for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John War Organisation Appeal. The promise of the Union, ratified at the Annual General Meeting last February, to give a small bronze brooch to the winners of competitions organised by affiliated clubs in aid of the Fund, has brought in £750 already, and the latest L.G.U. official notice expresses the hope that four figures will be reached before the end of the season. Even with so many counter-attractions in the way of

(Concluded on opposite page)

Pam Barton, *partnered by Alf Padgham, beat Enid Wilson and Sam King by 2 and 1 in a golf match at Fulwell in aid of War Relief funds, one of many such matches by which famous golfers are helping to keep charitable coffers filled. With Miss Barton are two Canadian officers, Captain Soper and Major Court, of the Toronto Scottish*

Father and sister *of Pam Barton, with Sub-Lieut. D. Legh-Barratt, watched her win her doubles match at Fulwell. The brilliant golf she played was all the more remarkable in that she came to the course straight from an all-night shift at the ambulance station where she is putting in some extra war-work as a driver*

Women's Golf

(Continued from opposite page)

funds to work and give for, that hope ought to stand a good chance of being realised.

OUR indefatigable contemporary, *Fairway and Hazard*, has struck out a new line, with an Empire Surprise Golf Competition, to benefit the Duchess of Northumberland's Benevolent and Comforts Fund for the Auxiliary Territorial Service. That Fund is under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, which is quite sufficient to make anybody open their hearts and turn out their pockets for those odd sixpences of which *Fairway and Hazard* have said that they want one million. No exact conditions of what will win are to be announced beforehand, but each month distinguished golfers—a varied selection of them—will select what these shall be for that month, and deposit them in a sealed packet with the organisers of the competition. So here is all the excitement of uncertainty. It is fun to guess what the prize might go to. It might conceivably be the best card under handicap one month, the worst gross score another, the best on a seaside course, the card with the greatest number of 3's and under, even the one with the most 10's—I know nothing.

Competitors may be men or women, of any handicap or no handicap at all; the sole qualification is that the player must be a British subject at home or overseas; the card may be taken out anywhere, in any competition, or during an ordinary game, provided only that it shall be duly marked and signed by a marker. The competition will run from the 10th of each month to the 10th of the next. Thus, any cards which arrive at the wartime offices of *Fairway and Hazard* after September 10th and before October 10th will be eligible for the October competition, irrespective of when they were taken out; they will be reckoned against the respective pars of the courses played on; any player may send in as many cards each month as he or she chooses, only the needful sixpence must be sent with each card. Good luck to a gallant effort on the part of *F. and H.* and of Mrs. Gordon Barry, wife of the ex-Amateur Champion, who is the Appeals Hon. Sec. for the Fund.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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SEPTEMBER

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Getting Married : *(Continued)*

Greig — Ross

Second-Lieutenant David Coventry Greig, Ayrshire Yeomanry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greig, of Hall of Caldwell, Renfrewshire, and Ann Katherine Ross, younger daughter of the late P. C. Ross, and Mrs. Ross, of Mount Charles, Ayr, were married at Alloway Church

Cherry — Bullard

Captain David Cherry, Hertfordshire Regiment, and Jean Bullard, only daughter of the late Major Gerald Bullard, and Mrs. Bullard, of Hill Farm, Gressenhall, Norfolk, were married at St. Mary's, Gressenhall. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. H. Cherry, of Hornbeams, Welwyn, Herts.

Williams — Pilkington

W. Basil Williams, eldest son of the Rev. J. E. H. and Mrs. Williams, of the Rectory, Acle, Norfolk, and Noel Mary Pilkington, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Pilkington, of Dunham Oaks, Altrincham, Cheshire, were married at St. Margaret's, Altrincham. Her sister was married to Stephen Hiley in the same church in July

Langton-Dodds — Copeman

Basil Langton-Dodds, R.A. (A.A.), of 16, Coulson Street, S.W.3, and Mona Rosemary Copeman were married at Chelsea Old Church. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Copeman, of Roydon Hall, Diss, Norfolk

Babbage — Russell-Clarke

Capt. Dennis William Babbage, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Babbage, of Willesden, and Diana Frances Russell-Clarke, daughter of the late Edward Russell-Clarke, and Mrs. Russell-Clarke, of 74, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, and Great Triley, Abergavenny, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Waterfield — Geoghegan

Sec.-Lieut. John Everard Waterfield, R.A., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Waterfield, of Foulis, Great Bookham, Surrey, and Muriel Geoghegan, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Geoghegan, of 22, Wimpole Street, W.1, and 5, Akenside Road, N.W.3, were married at Hampstead Parish Church

Catherine Bell

Molly Murray-White

Rosemary Stewart Murray-White announced her engagement recently to Captain John Redmayne, R.E., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Redmayne, of Flawborough, Orston, Nottingham. Her parents are Colonel and Mrs. R. S. Murray-White, of Johannesburg, and 124, Lexham Gardens, W.8

Pearl Freeman

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. R. T. Lawrence

Beryl Pennington, only daughter of Dr. Drury Pennington, of 64, Gloucester Place, W.1, was married at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, as his second wife, to Lieut.-Colonel Richard Travers Lawrence, C.I.E., M.C., Indian Army (retired), second son of the late Major-General William Alexander Lawrence, who was also in the Indian Army

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Christopher Brackenbury

Rosemary Struben, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Struben, of Lynnwood, Pretoria, South Africa, and niece of Sir Roderick Jones, chairman and managing director of Reuter's news agency, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Christopher Charles Brackenbury, R.A.F.V.R., of London

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1.

"Bystander" Short Story

Spinsters Get Like That

By Freda C. Bond

Almost under the stairs. Because the boy will throw it from the outer door. Grape-fruit, coffee, marmalade: what is it that isn't? Toast. But I know I picked it up. Oh, put it down in the hall when I opened the door to get the paper—

What am I looking for now? Oh, matches. But I don't think I need light it. Specially if. Quite warm this side of the room. Sun, like fingers stroking. Spring. And then, and then came spring and rose in hand (the tulips need more water). The rose of all the world is dead, I think.

Better glance down the deads before I look at the news. Always subconsciously looking for Uncle Edward. Not that it will make much difference really. A few hundreds. If that. But still.

Stephen Miles. Of septic pneumonia. But it can't be. Could there be two? N.W.6. Yes, I dimly associate him with that part of the world. The people of the Hebrews. But of course he wasn't. Though he did look a bit like. Funny, I 'm not sure I 've ever heard his address. Bastable would know. But I couldn't ring her up. What would she think?

No, but it can't be him. Not dead. He was only a few years older than me. Besides, one couldn't be so mistaken. That personal feeling, I mean. If he was never going to mean anything more. He was somehow in the pattern of my life. A part of the pattern I hadn't come to yet. I felt quite happy waiting. Things would have had to be different, of course. His wife would have had to die, for one thing.

If it is *the* Stephen Miles, there 'll be an obituary, I suppose. Now where? On the same page as the Correspondence. Yes, and all through the crisis there were those letters about the diet of the little owl. That was the sort of thing that would have amused him. I know we had the same sense of humour. You can tell it from his books. Extraordinary intimacy, I felt, reading his books. Plato and Samuel Johnson. I feel the same sort of thing about them.

Well, there it is. No doubt about it. Fifty. Older than I thought. Ten years. But not too much. Yes, because you 're a widow for so long. Poor, wretched woman, she 'll be a widow for ages, I suppose. But I dare say it won't make much difference really. I don't think he cared twopence.

Funny what it says here, his having been to school at Malvern. I never knew. That would have been something to talk about. Those ghastly walks. But boys don't, of course. Was there a pond with swans on? Ringing a bell for dinner. But that 's Wells.

I wonder how many times I met him, really. If you can count those lectures. Otherwise it wouldn't be more than, well what?

When lilacs last in door yard bloomed. Or was it barn yard? Saw it misquoted once and that put me wrong. Also, is it Whitman or T. S. Eliot? Not that they 're alike. Incredible, those young Audens and Isherwoods going American. I don't think I need wash up. Mrs. T. 'll be here at ten. But I 'll make my bed.

Narrow like this, no one would believe I led a hectic life, even if I tried to make them. It 's fag enough turning the mattress as it is.

What was I thinking about? Lilac. Yes, well that was the time, the only time we talked at all properly. That evening at Bastable's. She wasn't any too pleased. But anyhow, a hostess can't expect. The Lorrimers were there and that amusing Carol Quinn, and someone with her fortunately. And a rather dim female. Civil service. Yes. Simpson or Simkins or something. And there was that enormous jar of lilac. Which started us talking about flowers. It sounds so feeble, but it wasn't. And lilac being both of our favourite flowers. (You know quite well he 's all of your dogs, but if I hear any more arguing about whose

he is, he won't be any of your dogs. Nurse really was rather a gem. I suppose she 's dead. Bound to be.)

And then just by chance seeing that sonnet by him in the *Onlooker*. "You spoke of lilac——" Well, I mean that must. And it all seemed sort of calmly waiting. Well, there isn't any hurry. There wasn't, I mean. Just being a housewife, it gives me the shudders. I really am keen on my job. But goodness, I don't want to carry on till I 'm sixty. How peculiar. Is that what it means?

I wonder just where that place is, where he lives. Well, the map. I know I put it. Well, it isn't there. Oh, perhaps. Yes, when Dilys was here. She looked up. Under all the *Listeners*. Almost dropping to pieces. Sheet five, square twenty. No, it can't be. Yes. A bus up. And get off at. But ridiculous. What would be the point?

I feel rather like a bus. Yes, and look like it, too, ha, ha, but I don't. Definitely slimmer since. I might change my book at the Edgware Road branch. A change from Buck. Pal. Rd. Probably more choice. But my list 's at. Anyway, I want to see the daffodils in the Park. So.

The first time I wore this coat was when. And Bastable had on that moth-eaten leopard. But I 'm sure this is the sort of thing he likes. Sophisticated, but not too. Oh, blast hats! It won't be a bit the same now choosing them. Because I always. Remembering what he said about women's hats. Umbrella? No.

Of course, I won't really go any further than Marble Arch. Just take a bus up. On top and see the daffodils. Coming along now. A Number 2. Well, I 'm not going to run.

Lovely, but so sad. The daffodils. Fair daffodils we weep to see. It is not growing like a tree. I wandered lonely. Only, love to make the whole world lonely. Do stop it.

If I 'm getting off at Marble Arch. But it 's too difficult to get off now. All those people pushing. If I go on. Then I might. Make a nice round. Walk up that road. Right up to Finchley Road. A Number 2 bus back. Oh, the library. Can't get off now. Besides, my book. On the hall table. Curse!

The next stop. Opposite an undertaker's. It would be. Everything churning round, like going to the dentist's. And everything looking clearer like it does. So yellow, those daffodils. A globe in a window. Perhaps a school. Two cats. Pinking done here. What is? Engines do. Scalloped edge of pink silk lampshade. But nobody now. Brass plate, dentist. Brass plate, masseuse. No hawkers, no circulars. A miserable road. Perhaps the house belonged to him. Or his wife. More likely. Why do I keep swallowing? Swallow my sister, my sister swallow. Road 's much better now. Solid respectability. Quite nice gardens. Pink tulips. Tulips. I never gave them water. Perhaps Mrs. T.

96, 98, 100. Quite soon. My dears, said Mr. Fairchild, have you ever seen a corpse? No, Papa, but we have a great wish to see one. Dead on a bed. Dead in a field with a John's man. Who said? Don't think of him dead. Don't think. Really over. And summer 's over, over, before it is begun. Now the house. Blinds down on the first floor. How loud my feet. Getting further away every moment. Really over.

But I know that woman. Coming towards. Enormous bunch of lilac. Or don't I? I 'll look the other. In case it 's anyone who. Well, of course. That evening at Bastable's. Simkins or something. Lilac. Oh, the scent. Oh. Something very far back. The school garden. Something to do with a rave on one of the mistresses.

I bet she recognised. Her face just flickered. Lilac. Now why? Well, I suppose she could live here. And have bought it. Vases. I never gave those tulips. But wouldn't it be extraordinary if.

Just look round casually. That great van 's in the way. Otherwise. If I cross. But it is a bit queer. Could she have got out of sight so soon unless.

If she had gone into the house. A friend of Mrs. perhaps. She couldn't have been a friend of his. Mistress, I mean. Because they all were. His women friends, I mean. But then, of course, she wouldn't dare. Not to go there now, with Mrs. there. Besides, she couldn't be. Anyone's mistress. Not even interestingly plain. Just pudding face. Well, if she could have been, then anybody could.

I was so sure that something was going to happen eventually. Only I always supposed marriage. Brilliant men do marry quite ordinary women. But mistresses. Sort of glittering sensation. Different. It never occurred. But if she could have been, then anybody could have been. Anybody.

But of course she wasn't. How ridiculous! Probably has a flat. Over pinking done here. What ho! she pinks. But then she would still have been in sight. Lilac. Suppose she thought. That would have been screaming. She did talk to him that evening. Well, everyone did. If they talked about lilac. And then she saw that sonnet and imagined. Pricelessly funny, but tragic. Picturing herself a romantic character. The sort of woman people write sonnets to. Fantastic. But spinsters get like that.

But where is she now? In that house? In his bedroom. Dead on a bed. No, don't. But would they let her? If she had been anything to him she couldn't go there now. Not with Mrs. there. So it proves. Just a ridiculous infatuation. Flowers, like slippers for the curate used to be. Her age, I expect. Or just chance. Her being here and the lilac and everything. Just walking through West Hampstead like anyone might. Like me, if it comes to that.

THE END.

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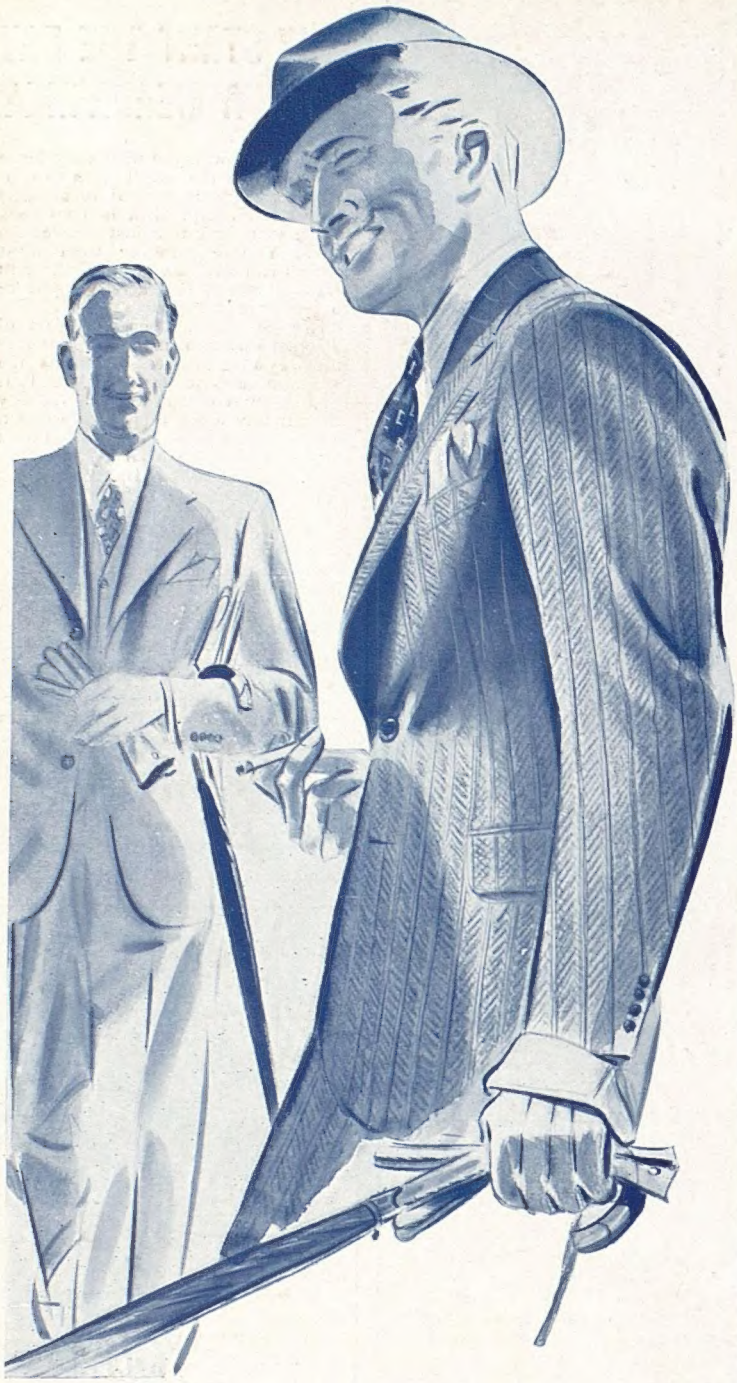

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